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George W. ELLIS,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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COMMUNICATIONS AND LETTERS on business must be Post-Paid to insure attention.

Books and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S BIBLE GIFT.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

When in future distant years
Thou shalt look upon this page,
Through the crystal vale of tears,
That dim our eyes in after age,
Think it was a mother's hand,
That wrote this sacred gift to thee!

Lightly thou esteem'st it now,
For thy heart is young and wild,
And upon thy girlish brow,
Nought but sunny hope hath smiled!
But when disappointments come,
And the world begins to steal
All thy spirits early bloom,
Then its value thou wilt feel!

To thy chamber still and lone,
Fly, and search this sacred page,
When earth's blandishments are gone,
Every grief it will assuage!
Close thy door against the din
Of worldly folly—worldly fear—
Only let the radiance in
Of each heavenly promise there!

When the bruised spirit bonds
Neath the weight of sorrow's chain,
When of all life's summer friends,
Not one flatterer shall remain,
Lay this unction to the wound
Of thy smitten, bleeding breast,
Here the only balm is found
That can yield the weary rest!

Not alone in hours of woe
Search the Scriptures; but while joy
Doth life's blissful cup o'erflow,
Be it of thy sweet employ!
So remembering in thy youth,
Him whose spirit lights each page,
Thou shalt have abundant proof,
He will not forget thy age.

AGRICULTURAL HYMN.

Great God of Eden! 'twas thy hand
That first clad earth in bloom,
And shed upon the smiling land,
Nature's rich first perfume.

Fresh as thy glance the flowers sprang,
Kissed by the sun's first rays—
While plain and hill, and valley rang
With life, and joy, and praise.

God of the clouds! thy hands can ope
The fountains of the sky,
And on the expectant thirsty crop,
Pour down the rich supply.

The farmer, when the seed time's o'er,
Joys in thy mercies given—
Thinks of thy promised harvest's store,
And smiling, looks to Heaven.

God of the sheaf! to thee alone
Are due our thanks and praise,
When harvest's grateful labor's done,
On plenty, glad we gaze.

Then shall our thoughts on heaven rest,
Thy grace we will adore,
And thank that God, whose mercy's blest
Our basket and our store.

O YES! I TAKE THE PAPERS.

O yes! I take the papers—
Their trilling cost is never missed,
Although I've stood for forty years
Upon the printer's list.

Talk not of warriors—Faust released
Earth from the terror of her kings;
He twined his "stick" and darkness ceased
And morning streamed along the east,
On Freedom's burnished wings.

O yes! I take the papers,
And sons and daughters tall and small—
For they have been through thick and thin,
The pastime of us all.

'Twas nobly said that should a star
Be stricken from the doom of night,
A printing press it stationed there
Would fill the vacuum to a hair,
And shed a broader light.

That man who takes no papers,
Or taking, pays not when they're read,
Would sell his corn to buy a "horn,"
And live on borrowed bread.

The printer opens the wide domains
Of Science—scatters Education
All o'er the land like April rains;
And yet his labor and his pains
Are half his compensation.

BLACK EYES AND BLUE CONTRASTED.

Black eyes most dazzle at a ball;
Blue eyes most please at evening fall;
The black a conquest soonest gain;
The blue a conquest most retain;
The black bespeak a lively heart,
Whose soft emotions soon depart;
The blue a staidier flame betray,
That burns and lives beyond a day;
The black may features best disclose;
In blue may feelings all repose.
Then let each reign without control—
The black all stirs—the blue all soul.

POPULAR TALES.

ADVANTAGES OF BEING SLANDERED.

BY EPES SARGENT.

From Sargent's New Monthly.

"Every body speaks well of him! I am sorry to hear it; for then he must have bowed as low to knowers and fools as to the honest dignity of virtue and of talent."—SHERIDAN.

"Is it possible?"
"True, every word of it! I had it direct from Mrs. Marvel, whose husband, you know, is a very matter-of-fact sort of a man, and the last in the world to invent such a story about any one."

"Well, I never would have believed, that young Langdale would have fallen into such habits!—So inconsiderate too at this moment, when the bedridden old uncle is hesitating as to how to dispose of his immense estate!"

"Oh, that will undoubtedly go to Mr. Allen, the other nephew, who is a perfect model for a young man of his age in his habits; and who calls on old Gregory twice a day dutifully to inquire after his health."

"And doesn't the dissipated one have sense enough to do the same?"
"Quite the contrary. Langdale hasn't called on his uncle these six months. He is too fond of his bottle and his cigar to concern himself about the old gentleman."

"And which of the nephews is favored by the famous beauty, Miss Maberly?"
"The fortunate one, of course, whichever he may be; but as the chances of wealth now are in favor of Allen, Langdale is not so much encouraged at present as formerly."

"And so Langdale really has a cottage at Bloomingdale, and?"
"Hush! Don't for the world repeat it as coming from me—though at the same time, I must say I think it proper that such things should be known."

"To be sure they should! I have a dozen more calls to make this morning, my dear Mrs. B.—Good day. Be sure to return my visit soon."

And thus saying, Miss Patter took her leave, and made a dozen calls in rapid succession, and every where communicated the intelligence she had gathered in regard to Mr. Langdale.

These agreeable intimations were but part of a system of abuse, which had been originated by Mr. Harrowby, an old friend of Langdale's, and a masterly tactician in his management of the minor peculiarities of human nature. Langdale had been complaining that Miss Maberly gave him no encouragement, and that his uncle had assured him that he should only leave him enough in his will to buy him a suit of mourning. Harrowby heard this intelligence with concern, for he was himself indebted to Langdale for the loan of some odd hundreds, and though he well knew he should never be dunned for the payment, he was desirous of keeping his young friend in a position where he should never feel the temptation of want. Harrowby applied himself to the study of Langdale's case—questioned him minutely as to what the world said of him—what were Miss Maberly's characteristics, and what were the uncle's. He learnt that the young lady was rather a romantic turn of mind, ambitious, but high spirited and generous—fond of admiration, and remarkably fond of having her own way. According to Langdale's belief, however, the good and beautiful preponderated in her character as well as in her person.

As for old Gregory, the uncle, he had been a rake in his youth, but was now entirely reformed. He took credit to himself for the change; but the fact was, that gout and incipient diseases had wrought it. He belonged to some dozen temperance societies, and abused his old friend King Alcohol with all the habitual zeal of new converts.

Harrowby reflected long and intently upon these and other particulars, which Langdale communicated. At last he exclaimed, "I see it, my young friend. I have struck the root of the mischief. The fact is, you have altogether too good a character. You are too amiable, too correct, too unexceptionable in your deportment. You don't afford pegs enough for slander to hang her little exaggerations upon. You must commit some trifling peccadilloes, or you will be ruined. Let me see. Suppose you stand in the colonnade before Pateux's to-morrow with a cigar in your mouth and your cheeks very much flushed. But no. There is not the least occasion that you should do any thing of that kind. Slander requires no straw in the manufacture of her bricks. Imagination supplies material solid enough for her. I must back-bite you a little, Langdale—give currency to a few bits of scandal—get you well abused, and then there will be some hope of retrieving your fortunes."

"Really, Harrowby," replied Langdale, "I do not comprehend your tactics. Look at my cousin Allen; see what an excellent character he enjoys! And what will be the consequence? He will marry Ellen Maberly and become old Gregory's heir."

"Fie upon your faint heart! He will never do any such thing. He is ruining himself by playing the saint."

"Why, Harrowby, he is the president of a Temperance Society, and surely if any thing can prejudice his uncle in his favor it will be that fact."

"All a mistake! You show your ignorance of human nature, my dear boy, in saying so. Self-love is at the bottom of all our actions—I take that as an axiom. Now is it the way to win old Gregory's favor to make it continually apparent to his understanding that you are vastly better than he was at your age?"

"But the lady, Harrowby—surely she will prefer that her lover should be a man of unobjectionable character."

"Unobjectionable humbug! How will she ever find out that she loves him, unless some one gives her an opportunity of defending him? Ah! let all the world traduce rather than praise me to the woman, whose love I would win."

"Where would your philosophy lead to?" asked Langdale. "If you are right, then the old proverb is wrong; and honesty is not the best policy."

"For its own sake," said Harrowby, "it is for our own peace of mind, and the smile of our own conscience! I would not give much for the honesty which is based solely upon a trust in its policy. How much more cautious than the author of this old saw is Shakespeare, when he says, 'Corruption wins not more than honesty,' from which we may infer, that honesty wins not more than corruption; which I believe to be a fact. But we are straying from the subject before us. The question is, how are you to regain the favor of your uncle and mistress? I have revealed to you the means. Give me a carte blanche to slander you and all shall be well."

"Really, my dear Harrowby, this is a most original way of advancing one's fortunes; but I rely upon your superior sagacity and knowledge of the world. I leave my character in your hands."

"And I will re-consign it to a maiden lady of my acquaintance who will deal with it very tenderly."

Here the conference between Harrowby and his pupil terminated; and the former drew his handkerchief over his hat, and went forth to set about the project he had originated.

The result did not fully appear until several months had elapsed. By that time Langdale had become one of the most notorious young men about town. Stodious in his habits, with a constitutional repugnance to sensual excesses, and passing the greater part of the time among his books, he yet innocently acquired the reputation of a "five bottle" man—a gay deceiver, a gambler and a confirmed rake. Mothers warned their daughters against his insidious art. Prudent fathers threatened their sons with rustication in the event of their mingling in his society. Numberless were the stories of his "scrapes," and his gambling propensities. Harrowby, when he heard of these things, as he often would, from papas and mamas, looked grave, shook his head, and remarked, that it was a pity such a fine young man should so throw himself away. And all this time poor Langdale, forgetful even of his friend's project in his behalf, was deeply engaged in the preparation of a work on ornithology—a favorite study with him, and rarely set forth except for exercise.

At length the physicians gave the world to understand that old Gregory could not survive more than a week or two. His large fortune rendered it of course an interesting subject of public speculation, who was to be his heir? Allen, of course! said the world; and Allen tho't so himself, and took occasion to ask Mrs. Maberly, point blank, if she objected to him for a son-in-law. The mother expressed herself charmed at the prospect; but Ellen positively said "no."

The mother stormed and threatened; and the daughter retired weeping to her chamber, and sitting down to a writing desk, addressed a long letter to Langdale, who, discouraged by demonstrations of aversion on the part of the mother, and by misinterpreted caprices on the part of the daughter, had retired, sick at heart, from the candidacy for her hand. We cannot quote the whole of Ellen's letter, for it would only be laughed at. She had heard of Langdale's fabled career of dissipation, and supposed that he had surrendered himself to it on account of his despair of ever attaining her hand. Dreadful stories were told of him, she said; but she didn't believe half of them—not half. Every body seemed forsaking him now. Even his old uncle had cut him off with a shilling—so her mother declared. Under these circumstances, she had discovered that she loved him better than any one else in the world—and marry Mr. Allen she wouldn't—nothing should force her to that. She expressed a hope, nay, she was sure that Langdale would reform under her influence, and she could never believe that he was a fifth part as bad as people represented him.

Such was the tenor of the young lady's letter. Langdale had not finished reading and kissing it, when he received the summons to attend the death-bed of his uncle. Sincerely concerned at the intelligence of his kinsman's serious illness, he hastened to fulfil the summons. Gregory was the only remaining brother of his departed mother, and though Langdale had never experienced from him any kindness, and expected no advantage from his death, he now keenly felt a pang of remorse at his long neglect of the childless old gentleman. On his way he encountered Harrowby, who insisted on accompanying him. They entered the sick chamber together. Before they reached the bed, the occupant had breathed his last.

Several persons were present in the apartment—a clergyman, Mr. Gruff, the attorney, a physician, Allen, and a servant. Langdale uttered an unaffected exclamation of regret on learning what had happened, but did not pretend to any vehement emotion. Allen sat with his handkerchief to his eyes, the picture of disconsolate affliction. After ascertaining that due preparation would be made for the obsequies, Langdale signified to Harrowby his intention of returning home.

"Stop a moment, my young friend," said Mr. Gruff. "There may be something that will interest you in this paper."

Allen put down his handkerchief and pricked up his ears. Mr. Gruff drew from his pocket a paper tied with a red string, and without further preface, read the following passage from the last will and testament of the deceased:—

"Whereas, my nephew, Hopkins Allen, has manifested a becoming interest in the good cause of temperance, I hereby bequeath the sum of five thousand dollars to the asylum for inebriates, on the condition that the said Hopkins Allen is made one of the trustees of the said institution. And, whereas, my nephew, Arthur Langdale, unless some strong inducement is offered to him to reform, is likely to become a candidate for the humane offices of the directors of the said asylum, I hereby bequeath to him the bulk of my property, consisting of real estate, etc., as enumerated on schedule A; on condition, that he will from this time forth abandon the use of ardent spirit; and I leave it solely to his honor as a gentleman, to declare whether or no he accedes to this condition."

A groan from Mr. Allen, a smothered laugh from Harrowby, and a cry of surprise from Langdale, succeeded the reading of this extraordinary clause.

"What say you now to my tactics?" asked Harrowby, when he and Langdale were alone in the open street. Without waiting for a reply, he continued: "I have only one regret. It is, that this should have occurred before Ellen Maberly had declared herself in your favor. Her disinterestedness would be questionable should she smile on you now."

"Not at all. Read that letter," replied Langdale.

"Victorious on every side!" exclaimed Harrowby, as he skimmed its contents. "Didn't I tell you so? Wasn't it my abuse of you, that brought you all this good fortune?"

"It would seem so—and yet how unnatural!"
"Not at all! Didn't the Athenians tire of hearing Aristides called the just, and isn't human nature the same now that it ever was? Your fool of a cousin got people to surround your uncle, who continually rung in the old man's ears the praises of his nephew. Of you he heard nothing but bad reports. But with you he felt that he had sympathies in common. He could say to his own heart, 'I was the same wild dog myself when I was of his age.' He was true to his nature at last. Self-love triumphed, as I calculated it would triumph."

"I shall never speak ill of slanderers after this," said Langdale.

"They have their uses, depend upon it," rejoined Harrowby. "Poor Allen! He has fallen a victim to the irreproachableness of his character. But there are Maberly's marble steps. Suppose you go in and ask Ellen to fix the marriage day."

LOUD TALKING.—The N. Y. Plebeian makes the following very sensible remarks upon this subject:—
"Loud talking, like a drum, denotes emptiness. A wise man is firm, moderate, but does not bluster and talk loud—those who cannot reason, think they must supply the defect by blustering and loud talking. Let a man make ever so much noise, talk to him calmly and in an under key, and he will generally come down to something like moderation. A noisy and brawling woman never has a quiet, orderly, well governed family, and a loud talking man never does his business as well as the firm, even tempered man. No matter what the provocation, never talk loud, and you will be likely not only to keep down your temper, but that of others with whom you may come in contact."

A LESSON FOR SCOLDING WIVES.—"And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman," said I, once. Old Newman looked down, and the wife took up the reply, "Never to signify—and if he has, I deserved it." "And I dare say, if the truth was told, you have scolded him quite as often." "Nay," said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel, "how can a wife scold her good man, who has been working for her and her little ones all day? It may be for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best, for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side."

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—"Gentlemen of the Jury—might it be permitted for mortal man like myself to stand with one foot upon the earth and the other upon Georgium Sidus—a star which rolls its course in the regions of everlasting space, more than ten thousand miles from this Court House—I would catch the winged lightnings in my two hands, and bring them down to enlighten your understanding. Then, indeed, you would rise up as one man, and exclaim in a voice of thunder, 'McLauren is innocent, McLauren is innocent, and so is Hagan!'"

Lord Erskine declared in a large party, in which Lady Erskine and Mr. Sheridan were present, that a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail; upon which Sheridan gave Lady Erskine the following lines:

Lord Erskine presuming at woman to rail,
Calls a wife a tin canister tied to one's tail,
And fair Lady Ann, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison;
But wherefore degrading? considered bright,
A canister's polished, and useful and bright,
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

We are come too late by several thousand years, to say any thing new in morality. The finest and most beautiful thoughts concerning manners have been carried away before our time, and nothing is left for us, but to glean after the ancients, and the most ingenious of the moderns.

THE BRIGHT POKER.—"The widow Muggeridge, in her best room had two poker. The one was black and somewhat bent; the other shone like a ray of summer light—it was effulgent, speckles steel.

"Both pokers stood at the same fire place. 'What!' you ask, 'and did the widow Muggeridge stir her fire with both?' Certainly not. Was a coal to be cracked—the black poker cracked it; was the lower bar to be cleared—the black poker cleared it; did she want a rousing fire—the black poker cleared it; did she want a rousing fire—the black poker was plunged relentlessly into the burning mass, to stir up the sleeping heart of Vulcan; was a tea-kettle to be accommodated to the coals—the black poker supported it. 'And what,' methinks you ask, 'did the bright poker?' I answer nothing—nothing save to stand and glisten at the fire side—its black, begrimed companion stoking, roasting, burning, banging, doing all the sweating work. As for the bright poker, that was a consecrated thing. Never did Mrs. Muggeridge go to Hackney for a week to visit her relations, that the bright poker was not removed from the grate; and, carefully swathed in oiled flannel, awaited in greasy repose the return of its mistress. Then once more in glistening idleness, would it lounge among shovel and tongs; the jetty slave, the black poker, working until it was worked to the stump; at last to be flung aside for the vile old iron! One dozen black pokers did the bright poker see out; and to this day—doing nothing—it stands lustrous and inactive."

"My son, such is life. When you enter the world make up all your energies to become—A Bright Poker."—Punch's Letters.

CONVERSATION ON PHILOSOPHY, &c. "Now, Nimrod, you sit in that corner, there, and I'll sit in this corner, here. I'll ask you some scientific questions, and see how many on 'em you can answer." "Well, Solomon, try it on—Wait, though, till I get that pesky gravel stone out of my boot. There, fire away." "In the first place, Nimrod, what makes the magic needle always point to the north?" "Most philosophers say its owing to some peculiar attraction—but I am inclined to think it's a way its got." "How long is it since the corner stone of the Tower of Babel was laid?" "About as long as a piece of string is not longer." "At what pitch will mankind in general arrive, at the end of the world, if they continue improving in scientific knowledge as they have since its beginning?" "Yellow pitch pine, probably. I meant to say a pitch into eternity." "How often do comets make their appearance upon an average?" "Frequently!" "When may we expect another?" "Immediately, if not sooner."

"Why is the sun called he?" "Because it isn't a woman?" "If a person gets wet in a rain, is he liable to take cold?" "He can if he likes, especially if it be a damp rain." "Who was the king of the Cannibal Islands?" "If we can place any reliance on ancient history, I should say that—he was one of them." "Why is it that two rivers so often unite and form one, while one seldom or never separates and forms two?" "It's because cold water meetings are prevalent all over the country." "What are fogs?" "Volumes of mist-eries." "Look here, Nimrod! you'll do to travel—you've seen enough of these parts!"

A VALUABLE BOY.—"What can you do, my boy?" "Oh, I can do mowin' considerable. I rides the turkies to water, milks the geese, cards down the old rooster, puts up the pigs' tails in papers to make 'em curl, hamstrings the grasshoppers, makes fires for flies to court by, and keeps tally for dad and mammy when they scold at a mark!"

An honest son of Erin, green from his peregrination, put his head into a lawyer's office and asked the inmate, "And what do you sell here?" "Blockheads," replied the limb of the law. "Och! then, to be sure," said Pat, "it must be a good trade, for I see there's but one left!"

CURING A COLD.—"Bristol, will your Balsam of Hoarhound cure a cold?" "Certainly, sir; it is an infallible remedy." "You will oblige me then by giving the weather a dose." "Get out you impertinent puppy!"

Logic.—Epaminondas said that all the Cretans were liars; now he was himself a Cretan, therefore he lied, therefore the Cretans were not liars, therefore Epaminondas did not lie, and therefore the Cretans were liars.

SHELL-FISH. "Ah!" said a Dutchman, "ov all de shell fishes in de world, zour kraut is de pest mit 'ent off!" "Och, ye fool," replied Pat, "it's nothing to be kimpared to a maley pertatie!"

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all the congregation fell to weeping except one man, who begged to be excused, as he belonged to another church!

TAKING PHYSIC. "Please Sir, I don't think Mr. Dos'em takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to employer. "Why so?" "Cause he's getting well so precious fast."

Sarcasm that is too bitter, often spends its force on the lips of him who utters it; and becomes harmless before it reaches its object.

The sweetest flowers often conceal the sharpest thorns: so the most fascinating pleasures often involve the most bitter consequences.

A TEMPEST IN A TEA-POT.

The very respectable long-eared animal who has managed to purchase his way into the lion-skin of the Eastern Argus, on Saturday let off the following most astounding brag:—

"The American of yesterday in commenting upon our article on the Presidency, says, 'We don't precisely understand what the Argus means by inferior classes.' You don't. Well, we will tell you. We mean the politicians, who are eternally ranting about 'the opinion of the iron-armed, true-hearted yeomanry,' as being 'worth more than all the old hacknied politicians, the land over;' who are at the same moment they utter these homely words, the very worst kind of the old hacknied politicians, themselves. We mean trading politicians, who start preachers, not for the promotion of Democratic principles, but to promote the private interests and selfish purposes of cliques and office-seekers. We mean men, who show their patriotism by bawling long and loud against the persons of political opponents, but rarely, if ever discuss their principles—men who are forever scolding about office seeking, and at the same time writing letters, and visiting Washington to obtain offices, either for themselves, or as paid pettifoggers for others. This is what we mean by 'the inferior classes.' Do you take?

There—we give that entire, word for word and letter for letter. The senior editor of the Argus certainly has manifested no small amount of moral courage to sketch with so bold a hand his own portrait. However, he will gain some credit as a limner, for the people will universally acknowledge it to be a striking likeness. There is no need of writing his name under it.

Still there are a few faults about it, which he will allow us to notice. He has omitted some necessary touches in the filling up, and as we happen to have it on the easel, and the palette and pencil just at hand, we will take the liberty of supplying the details.

Upon a second thought we will take a new canvass, and try our hand at originating a rough outline of the same sitter. Here it is:—

AN INFERIOR-CLASS POLITICIAN.
He is one who in 1840 did all he dared to break down the Democratic party, because, holding the office of Postmaster, if Federalism should gain the ascendancy, he might plead his services as a reason "why sentence should not be pronounced."

He is one who, upon the triumph of Federalism, wrote a whining, cringing, suppliant letter to Washington telling how much he had not done for his party, and praying that the ruthless axe might not fall upon his neck.

He is one who was hissed down for his perfidy in a Democratic caucus—despised by the people of his own city—and who stated in a "CANDID ADDRESS TO ALL PARTIES," that he had remained strictly neutral as postmaster, and acknowledged that for the sake of official emolument he had base yielded the right of individual judgment and action;—from which address we copy the following:—

"It has been attempted to exalt prejudice against me by crying 'mad dog,' by declaring that I am a partizan or have been one. Is it true that I AM OR EVER WAS A PARTIZAN? I have been refused to LOSE MY PERSONAL IDENTITY IN A CROWD!"

I have written letters to political opponents as well as political friends, using the frank privilege—and I HAVE CIRCULATED EVEN MORE WHIG DOCUMENTS THAN DEMOCRATIC, sent to my office for Distribution!"

He is one of whom the Lowell Patriot—a sound Democratic paper—under date of April 8, 1841, said:—

"We had intended to give a short reply to Mr. Case's autobiography, in one of last week's Advertisers—but on second thoughts have concluded to drop the subject for the present; as we happen to be very busy at the time, & find much more important matters to engage ourselves about, than following him through his life.

Every one with half an eye can see all the motives of his recent conduct; they have been simply to retain the emoluments of his office at all hazards; it was for this that after the contest became doubtful, last Fall, we did not raise his name or utter a word in support of his nomination. It was for this that he removed his printing from the Advertiser, [denied] to the Courier, [denied]; it was for this that he has truckled to the party now in power; it was for this that he has written the last history of his life; and yet if common report tells the truth, notwithstanding he has done all these things, he will soon lose the object of all his desires, and remain only a splendid specimen of a man fallen between two stools."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

This gentleman is something like the Black Ram the boy told about: The boy's father sent him out to fold the sheep, and when he returned, he was asked if he had counted them all? Yes, says the boy, all but that old black ram, and he bolted about so that I could not count him. So it is with Mr. Webster; the whigs, in summing up the fold of the faithful, have for some time past tried to count the "Godlike," but he has bolted so, and dodged about here and there, that it has been found absolutely impossible. He was cornered last fall in Faneuil Hall, and the shepherds of the fold got their mouths all ready to pronounce the numeral that designates a first-rate whig, when lo! he leaped over their heads, crying out TREATY, TREATY. They ran him down again in New York, they thought they had got him sure; but again he bolted, crying CROWN WATER. A third effort was made in another part of the fold, where a savory feed was prepared to attract him, and his pursuers felt convinced that they should count him, while he was eating his dinner. But alas for the fleeting hopes of mortals, a third time did he bolt, leaving his anxious auditors to amuse themselves with the ENGLISH NAVIGATION LAWS. Another, and last attempt, is to be made at Faneuil Hall, in a few days, when it is confidently expected that he will be counted, and no mistake, as the editors of the Atlas have been engaged to shake a stick at him, and awe him into quiet. [Bay State Democrat.

The sober, second thought. The Raleigh (N. C.) Register publishes a letter from the Hon. A. Rencher, who in 1840, was a prominent leader among the whigs, and now abandons them because of their faithlessness, extravagance and incompetency. He says:—

"I did not separate from the whig party until after they came into power and adopted a system of measures as whig measures, which I believed to be in conflict with sound policy, and at war with the Republican principles I had always held. Nor have they, in my opinion, carried out those salutary measures of retrenchment and reform, which they so fondly promised suffering people

in the campaign of 1840, and without which, it is of little importance to the people what party may wear the robes of office. No party, whether whig or democrat, deserves their continued support, who, when in power, shall shrink from this great and self-denying truth."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JUNE 13, 1843.

"The great popular party is already rallied about its banner, and is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO BARRIERS; SEPARATION OF BANKS; ECONOMY; RETRENCHMENT; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will be redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—Calhoun.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

Democratic State Convention.

A Democratic State Convention will be held at the Court House, in Buxton, on the twenty-second of June next, at nine o'clock A. M. The objects of the Convention are,

First.—To nominate a Candidate for Governor.

Second.—To take such order in regard to a Democratic National Convention and the election of Delegates thereto, as shall be thought expedient.

All towns and regularly organized plantations having 1500 inhabitants and under, will send one delegate each. Towns and Cities having more than 1500 and not exceeding 3000, will send two delegates—over 3000 and not exceeding 4500 three, and so on in the same ratio.

Plantations organized for the purpose of voting and not for taxation, are not entitled to separate representation, but may vote for the choice of Delegates in any towns where they are entitled to vote for Governor.

A. NOBLE,

ALFRED JOHNSON,

P. C. JOHNSON,

AUGUSTINE HAINES,

I. C. HAYNES,

State Central Committee.

May 11, 1843.

Lincoln County Democratic Convention.

The Democratic Republicans of Lincoln County, are hereby requested to meet at the Court House in Wiscasset, on Thursday the sixth day of July next, 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting four Candidates to be supported for Senators to the next Legislature, a candidate for County Treasurer, and a candidate for County Commissioner.

In accordance with a vote passed at the last Democratic County Convention, authorizing the County Committee to fix upon a basis of representation for the next Convention, the following has been adopted, viz:—All towns and regularly organized plantations, having 1500 inhabitants and under will send one delegate each—Towns having more than 1500 and not exceeding 3000, will send two delegates—over 3000 and not exceeding 4500, three, and so on in the same ratio. Plantations organized for the purpose of voting and not entitled to separate representation, but may vote for the choice of Delegates, in any towns where they are entitled to vote for Governor.

The 4th Congressional District being composed of the whole of Lincoln County and a part of Oxford and Kennebec Counties, and the District so composed, being without a Democratic District Committee, the Convention at the above time and place, will select a Congressional District Committee, on the part of the Lincoln County Towns, for the purpose of conferring with a Democratic Committee from the Oxford and Kennebec towns, in relation to calling the next Congressional District Convention, and fixing the basis of representation for that Convention.

HENRY W. OWEN, Chairman.

MARSHALL SMITH, Secretary.

Democratic Caucus.

The Democrats of Paris are requested to meet at the TOWN HALL on Saturday the seventeenth day of June next, at five o'clock P. M. for the purpose of choosing Delegates to attend the State, District and County Conventions.

Per order of the Town Committee.

Paris, May 29, 1843.

TOWN COURT BILL.

This bill, as our readers are aware, was a bill of great magnitude, containing a great number of sections and a multiplicity of provisions. It was passed by the House and Senate of the late Legislature, and was sent to the Governor, who, by a righteous as well as timely exercise of the veto power, prevented the bill from becoming a law.

The bill, we believe, was the offering of those who make it a business to traduce and slander the legal profession; and was brought forth for the ostensible purpose not only of diminishing the amount of litigation, but also for the purpose of procuring more speedy justice to parties. If the bill would effect either of these objects it would be worthy of support. But, in looking over its provisions, and putting the most favorable constructions upon them, we do not think that either of the objects would in any degree be attained.

It appears to us, likewise, that the bill was uncalled for. Have we any evidence of any movement on the part of the people, for the passage of such a law? We have no account of their petitions or memorials on this subject. In fact, we are in possession of no motive on the part of the people generally, that should call for so great a change in our judicial system. If, then, there has been no movement on their part—no action—not even a wish expressed, we are entirely at a loss to know why such a change is necessary. Necessity and benefit are the only reasons for passing laws. The people know this as well as legislators, and they are never behind in originating pleas for laws; and pointing out both their necessity and benefit. In this case, however, they have not, to our knowledge, done either. Therefore, we may infer with safety that the law is uncalled for.

The bill contemplates almost an entire revolution in the judiciary system. The idea of town courts is novel in the extreme, and an innovation unknown to this country. So new, indeed, is the idea that we venture to say it was not known out of Maine, before it was discussed in the Legislature of 1843. Its novelty, however, is no argument against it, if its merits are such as to make it useful. But innovation is sometimes taken for reformation, and such we think may have been the case with the town court bill. Not having opportunity to speak farther on this subject at the present time, we shall refer to its merits hereafter.

NEUTRALITY IN REGARD TO THE PRESIDENCY.

Our very worthy and esteemed contemporary, the Bangor Democrat, prefers a neutral position in regard to the Presidency; and, without alluding to us particularly, censures in some degree the practice which has obtained throughout the country of the press coming to the support of particular candidates. The reasons for these censures, which belong to us more perhaps than to any other Democratic paper in this State, are that the only candidate should be the nominee of the National Convention—that it belongs to the people to make their nomination, and that neutrality is the only proper position for a party press. We entirely and cordially concur with the two first positions of our namesake; and we are now, and ever have been, aiming at these objects. Our columns are entirely free and open to all those who may differ from us in regard to the Presidency. We shall be happy at all times to receive communications from our friends, discussing with fairness the claims of their favorites.

We consider the course we have adopted compatible with the interests and harmony of the party, and especially congenial to the people who form their opinions, in a great measure, from the intercourse carried on through the press. The latter reason of neutrality does not correspond with our views. We kept still a long time after our mind was satisfied in regard to the candidate for the Presidency. We thought waiting with patience the decision of the Convention was the only course. But when we saw most of the influential Democratic journals, such as Kendall's Express, The Globe, Richmond Inquirer, New York Plebeian and others, breaking ground for particular candidates, we thought it improper to conceal our views any longer. We, therefore, took ground and have the highest authority for our course.

TURN OUT TO THE CAUCUS!—Recollect that the Democrats meet in Caucus next Saturday. No meeting is more essential than a Caucus. It is a primary meeting, and about the only one where the people themselves can come forth directly to the aid of those they prefer for office. Here is where the people—the sovereign people—begin to delegate authority, and transfer their own power into the hands of others. If the people expect to make their power felt and their voice heard, they must attend the Caucus; for it is a fact beyond all question, that as the Caucus is, so is the Convention, and as the Convention is, so is election day. From the primary to the secondary meetings, it is only a step, and the result of the former is, or ought to be, an index to the latter. We say to all our Democratic friends, turn out to the Caucus—assert your sovereignty—make known your choice and instruct those to whom you delegate authority according to your own best judgment.

CORRECTION.—In our last number it was stated that we should elect four delegates to the District and four to the County Convention, when we met in Caucus. This was a mistake. We elect three to the County Convention, according to the basis established by the County Committee. And in regard to the District Convention, it is now uncertain how many delegates will be sent from this town. No basis has been established by consent of action on the part of Lincoln, and those towns in Oxford and Kennebec Counties, which composed the 4th District. Some method ought soon to be taken, in order to produce uniformity in the selection of Delegates to this Congressional District. Or, if such arrangement as will effect uniformity has been entered into, it should be made public. Under existing circumstances, the choice of delegates must be deferred till some future period.

CONSISTENCY.—The following was the opinion of the Argus one day:—

"As we believe both Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Van Buren to be well qualified for the office of President, did we believe one more likely to succeed than the other, we should owe it to the principles of our party to endeavor to procure the nomination of him we might believe most likely to be elected."

The opinion of the same sheet another day:—

"I am a Tyler man on his Bank Veto, a Calhoun man on the Treaty, and on the Presidential question a Van Buren man."

And still another, on another day, June 5:—

"Van Buren's political fate is sealed."

What the Age said of the Argus on a certain occasion is strikingly true:—

"Throw the Argus cat up which way you will it is sure to come down on its feet."

The Age's remarks anglicized means, "Every thing by starts and nothing long."

Protean, indeed! Part Whig—part Conservative—part Federalist and part Democrat—a little of this—a little of that—here a little and there a little—today is—to-morrow is not. O, what Democracy! The personified essence of instability!

"DAY STATE DEMOCRAT."—This is a sound and talented Democratic sheet, published in Boston. It has arrived at its fifth volume. Isaac Wright is the present editor. This journal has recently been enlarged, which is not only an indication of thrift and enterprise, but likewise indicates a change of taste in the Old Bay State. We are highly gratified to see Democratic journals enlarging and increasing in influence, and we hope the editor of the Democrat will have the satisfaction of witnessing, so long as he may occupy his present position, the triumph of Democratic principles in the Old Bay State.

"The same Argus fires some pretty considerable hot shot at the Age and Oxford Democrat."—Kennebec Journal.

"Hot shot!" Fired with a wooden gun. What an idea! "Moonshine is a beautiful affair, sir."—Indeed it is, sir, how very beautiful!

Mr. Blair, editor of the Globe, writing from the Hermitage recently, says: "Every thing at the Hermitage looks perennial—perpetual; and the old man, from the very marks of age which glorify his person, appears immortal."

THE APPROACHING STATE CONVENTION.—We like to see energy in every thing. Some honest democrats have intimated an apprehension that the discussion of the gubernatorial and presidential questions before hand might injure the harmony of the party. We fear nothing of the kind. It is the peculiar glory of the democratic organization that it repudiates mental slavery, and goes for the largest liberty. We know there are certain cliques and newspapers that are inclined to ostracise every man out of their own circles; but those cliques and newspapers are no more democratic than is Henry Clay. We fear nothing from discussion. The friction of mind upon mind always produces light.

There are two candidates for Governor in the field, either of whom, for talent, learning and patriotism, would reflect honor upon the chair and the State. Whoever may be nominated, we shall buckle on the armor for him right cheerfully.

If there should be any difficulty in the Convention, it will arise on the presidential question. The friends of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Van Buren will be there in strong force. Upon this point the Bangor Democrat says:—

"We suppose the democracy of the State will prefer to choose their delegates to the national convention by districts; if so, two delegates must be chosen at large, and as the delegates will be required to act in National Convention before we shall have another State Convention, it is expected that the delegates at large will be chosen now. If the people have any preference for any of the Presidential candidates over another, it is their privilege to give such instructions to their delegates to the State Convention as they think proper."

We suppose it is expected that the approaching convention will give an expression in regard to the time for the meeting of the National Convention. The time generally favored so far, where the different States have made demonstration, is May, 1844."

The hints in this extract are of importance. Nearly the whole democratic party of the Union have declared in favor of May, 1844, as the time for holding the National Convention. And we believe also that the general feeling is in favor of sending delegates by Congressional districts, and voting in Convention per capita. As the general harmony seems to require the assent of Maine, we apprehend no difficulty on these points. But the real contest will be on the election of the delegates at large. On this question, therefore, the democracy must go prepared.—Portland American.

We called the attention of our readers to the several points here mentioned, by the American and Democrat, in our last number. Maine will send nine delegates to the National Convention: i. e., just as many as she has Representatives and Senators in Congress. The mode of choosing these delegates is similar to that of Congressional officers. The two Senators will be represented in the two delegates chosen by the State Convention. This is what is called choosing at large. The other delegates to the National Convention, seven in number, will be chosen by the Congressional Districts.

We wish to have our Democratic friends understand that there are two delegates to be chosen to the National Convention by the delegates who may attend the State Convention; and in order that the people may have a voice in the selection of these two delegates chosen at large, we wish them to know, likewise, that instructions may be given to the State delegates by the town caucuses. In our estimation this is a matter of no small moment. Two national delegates may decide the fate of one or the other of the candidates for the Presidency. What is done by the people must be done at the caucuses; and the instructions there given, should embody the popular will, express the popular feeling as much even as election day itself. We hope our friends will see to this, and not complain hereafter that they were not warned in season. Each Democrat should feel that he is about taking the first step in a most important enterprise, and equip himself accordingly, for once taken it cannot be recalled.

THE NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR.

Under this head the Bath Inquirer urges with considerable fervor the nomination of Mr. KAVANAUGH, for Governor. We must say we sympathize in some degree with the Inquirer on this subject; and we likewise see no impropriety in making known our individual preference. What that paper says of his character and qualifications we fully believe. In believing this, however, we would not wish to be understood as believing less of his esteemed rival, H. J. ANDERSON. In speaking of the reasons which induce the Inquirer to urge Mr. K.'s claims it uses the following language:—

"His moral honesty, his political integrity, is not questioned, but universally acknowledged—and ought to be his situation in a local point of view is brought to bear against his nomination. Ought this to avail anything? Ought such a man as EDWARD KAVANAUGH, filling as he now does the office of Governor of Maine, having held it scarce six months, to be thrust aside, merely because he resides in Lincoln County? We put it to the honest and high minded democracy of Maine—to those who have ever been willing to do justice to high talent, and commanding worth, if such reasons should avail. We claim nothing on account of locality—or on account of personal feeling. We speak generally, and submit to the whole democracy of the State, Mr. KAVANAUGH as a man evidently qualified in every sense of the word for Governor—honest, discreet—sound in political principle—true to the best interest of the people, and well worthy the place. We make no demand—we oppose not any other candidate—we ask nothing unreasonable, and are willing and pledge ourselves to support the candidate nominated by the Convention. We openly and honestly express our preference—state our reasons; and having called the attention of our friends to these considerations, will most cheerfully abide the issue. We say again we should prefer Mr. KAVANAUGH as the candidate for Governor, but will bow in submission to the will of the majority, though they should differ from us."

The Bath Inquirer says that Gov. Kavanaugh has been quite unwell, of a slow fever, but has nearly recovered.

FIKE.—There has been a destructive fire Talahas, Florida. Loss estimated at \$300,000.

COURSE PURSUED BY SOME.—The editor of the Age after stating in regard to the Presidency, that "Undoubtedly, editors may, with propriety, express their preferences, and give the reason on which they are based," says:—

"A striking illustration of this well founded popular jealousy, is presented at this very moment, in the state of things in the county of Cumberland. The Argus has been urging the pretensions of Mr. Van Buren for some two months past, with as much confidence as if he had already been nominated, and with as much acrimony as if the friends of Mr. Calhoun were a part of the common enemy. The result is just what every discreet friend of Mr. Van Buren must have foreseen. A very large majority of the county feel that an attempt has been made to forestall their judgment, and are decidedly in favor of Mr. Calhoun. We are quite sure that this is true of the county of Portland, as well as of the county of Cumberland. We know, at any rate, that in both the city and county, a large portion of the most prominent and worthy friends of the Argus condemn its course in this particular, and will not be found acting with it, in reference to the Presidential nomination."

The editor of the Bath (Me.) Inquirer wants to be magnetized, and offers to give five dollars to have the job done. Go and try him, Dr. Shattuck.—Lowell Advertiser.

That's right, friend Butterfield. Send the Doctor along. If he is A. 1.—and no humbug, he shall have his V, and two cents more for interest.—Bath Inquirer.

It would take more than one man to put to sleep one so wide awake as our friend of the Inquirer.—Portland American.

If our friend of the Inquirer is "so wide awake," he might imitate sleep. The greater the rogue the greater the deception. Try it friend. Can't you do as well as Jacob?

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTIONS.—On Monday, week, another trial was had to elect members of Congress in the 2nd, 3d, 5th, and 7th Districts. In the 2nd District it is probable a choice has been effected. This is Mr. Rantoul's District. Daniel P. King, (Whig,) it is supposed, is elected by a small majority. In the other districts there is no choice. This is the third or fourth time these districts have been canvassed, and the elections have been prevented by the Abolitionists; or, in the language of the Kennebec Journal, by the "distractious," or "choice-preventers."

NOAH WEBSTER died, at his residence, in New Haven, (Conn.) 4th inst., aged 85 years. He was the author of many valuable school books, and the greatest Lexicographer of the age.

The Dover, N. H. Manufacturing Co., last week made another reduction in the wages of their operatives. (Massachusetts paper.)

Comment. The more these protected gentry get for their goods, the more they reduce the wages of their laborers.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. MONTE VIDEO, April 23.

In relation to the strife, we are as we have been for the last forty days. The Buenos Ayres army is just outside of the walls, and there is continual fighting on a small scale. I was yesterday with General or President Gribbe, at his quarters. I found him a very pleasant man, and apparently a perfect gentleman; but when speaking of the inhabitants of Montevideo, he applied no softer name than infernal savages, and if the place does fall, as it must, unless aid comes from some foreign nation, I have no doubt there will be such a scene of blood as the history of America has seldom presented.

The British commodore is expecting very important despatches from his Government in relation to the present crisis, and sends up the British Government steamer from this place to Rio, for the purpose of transmitting the despatches with more expedition. This letter goes by her, to be forwarded from that place. I do believe, from all I can learn, that if the place holds out thirty days longer, the British Government will throw its weight with the Montevideans, and thus secure their independence; if not, the blood of thousands will cry from the ground for vengeance on Mr. Manderville, the British minister at Buenos Ayres, who has encouraged the Montevideans to resistance with an assurance of intervention on the part of England, and now having placed them where they must, to appearances, soon have their throats cut, he very quietly says he has nothing to do in the business.

THE BOUNDARY SURVEY. Lieut. Colonel Estcourt, the Commissioner accompanied by his Lady and his Secretary, Mr. Scott, left N. Brunswick for Fredericton on Saturday 20th ult.—The rest of the party, consisting of Capt. Broughton, Capt. Robinson and Lieut. Pilon, of the Royal Engineers, and Mr. J. D. Penhaston-haugh, with six sappers and miners, left subsequently for Fredericton, with the instruments and stores for the survey. This party will proceed without delay to the Grand Falls, above which the survey will be commenced. The American surveyors will meet them there.

President Houston, of Texas, has issued a proclamation, declaring Com. Moore, of the Texan navy, as acting with the navy wholly without authority from the government; and requests all governments in peace with Texas to seize the culprit, and deliver him to the authorities of Texas. Com. Moore had a fight with the Mexican fleet, near Yucatan, since all authority was taken from him by his government. If he does not obey, he will be considered a pirate.

THE PORTLAND ARGUS. In speaking of the improved appearance of the Bay State Democrat, the editor of the Argus says he has seen but two things in it to regret since it came into our hands. One of these was our opposition to Mr. Henshaw, and the other copying with approbation some remarks of Mr. Cary, a democratic Senator of Maine, against the conservatives of that State in which he censured the Argus. As these were merely sins against conservatism, we feel on the whole as though we must have managed our paper pretty well to please so hard a Case so well.—Bay State Democrat.

The image is a vertical, high-contrast scan of a dark, textured surface. It appears to be a book cover or a piece of heavy fabric. A prominent vertical crease or fold line runs down the center, creating a slight shadow and highlighting the texture. The surface is covered in fine, grainy details and some larger, irregular marks that suggest wear or damage. The lighting is very dark, with some lighter areas on the right side, possibly indicating a reflection or a different material texture. The overall appearance is that of a close-up, high-resolution scan of a physical object.

THE LION OF THE DAY.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26